

HEY GUYS! LOOKING  
FOR A **HOT** TIME?  
CHECK OUT OUR  
**BONDAGE CENTERFOLD**

NOV 81 NO MONEY





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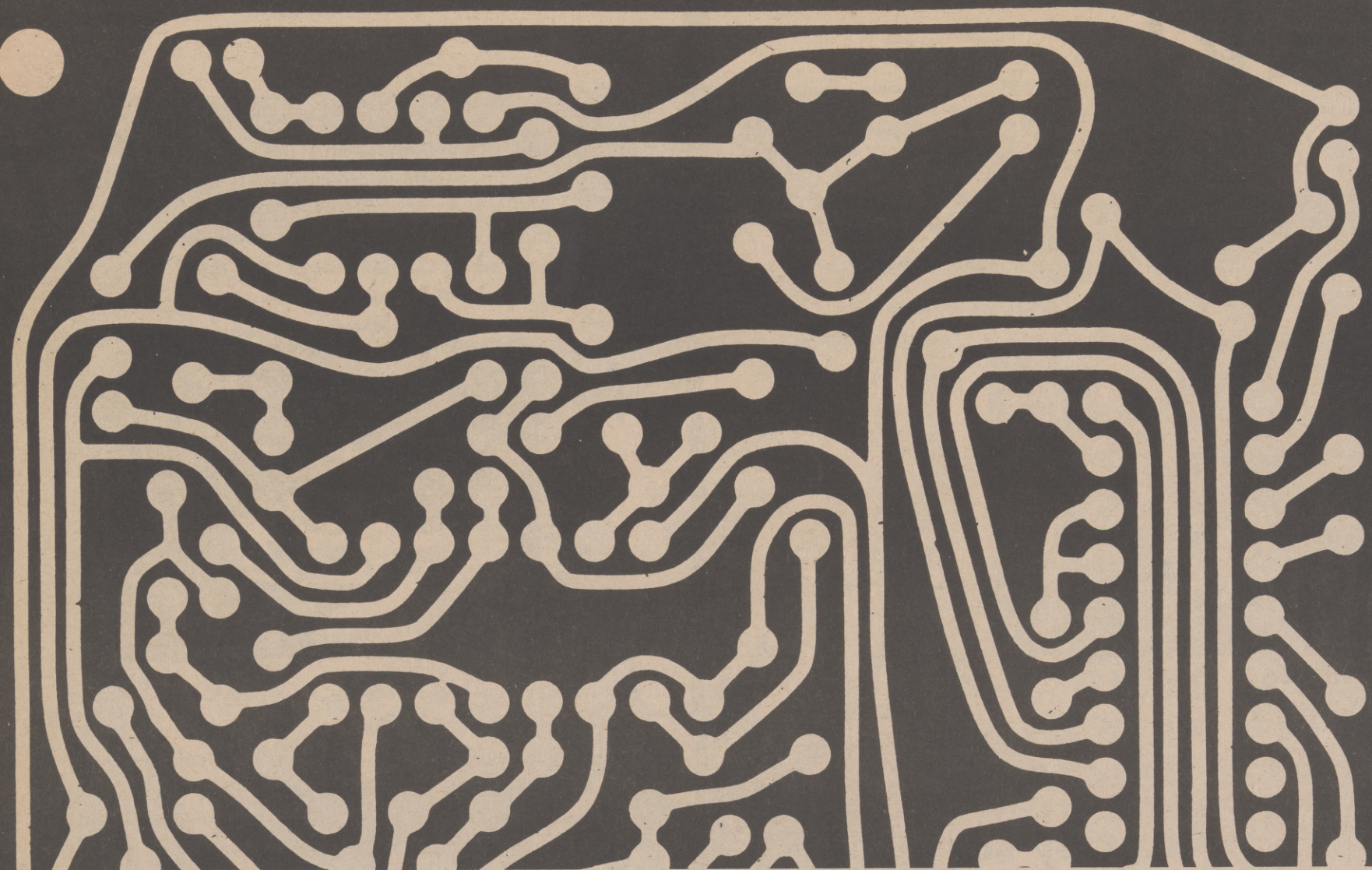
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## I

"The young today live mythically and in depth."

--Marshall MacLuhan

Damn right we do, and it's no bed of fleece, either. Here we are, young artists at what could easily pass for the end of the world, and just what are we expected to do? Every image we create is anticipated, if not already in existence, every idea we have is becoming a cliché even as we think it, every step we take has been taken a thousand times before and shot back at us through the splintered crystal of modern communications.

Nor does this apply only to our artistic endeavors, but to our dreams, casual conversations and so-called private lives as well. We live in a world so intent on educating us about itself that we enjoy (if that's the right word) our first high school romance dozens of times via movies, television, fiction, and popular songs years before we actually have it. Are soap operas merely stylizations of our lives, or do our lives tend toward options suggested by soap operas (life imitates trash)? Which came first, TV or reality? Reality no doubt, but I'll have to take it on trust.

An intelligent individual with a fair amount of media access can experience a vicarious, historical process of growth at the same rate or faster than he is experiencing his own, thus achieving an unprecedented perspective on his own life, and thus also finding himself trapped in history, constantly discovering precedent not only for his patterns of behavior, but for the actual, unique events in his life. Of course, there is always individual variation, but the feeling of reverberation is too strong to ignore. The individual is living mythically, recreating archetypal situations according to his classification (e.g. artist, businessman, criminal, etc.) and he must balance a feeling of security, progress, and connection with myth figures in his field, against a feeling of helplessness, destiny controlled by the weight of myth. Life in the modern world is less a voyage of discovery, than a continual affirmation of known quantities.

## II

In America today we are constantly being exposed to advertising campaigns of astonishing transparency, hundreds of images every day, so many that it would be tedious to point out the false logic and plain incoherency of every one of them.

Very few advertisements attempt seriously to stand out from the rest so our resistance is broken down by force of numbers and boredom alone. If this only meant we occasionally bought an item we didn't need, it wouldn't matter, affluent as we are, but in fact, selling products is secondary. Every billboard sells an individual product, but *all* the billboards sell the same way of life. In the "you've worked hard all day at a macho (i.e. menial) job, now it's time to buy beer (and get laid)" type of ad, for example, the important thing is to sell the work-consume-work-consume cycle. That accomplished, you can worry about getting your share of a fattened market. As communications become increasingly subtle and refined, Madison Avenue is paving the way for the most comprehensive conformist society the world has ever known.

The artist today must be a warrior on the electronic battlefield. Under constant bombardment by the irrelevant, the subjective, and the out-and-out false, s/he must maintain perspective and identity. There is no isolationism. The world is too small and time is short. The worship of creativity for its own sake should be left to the historians. The duty of the artist is not to a bit of canvas in a gallery, but to *life*.

## III

Let's face it-- these days everybody and his brother is trying to get in on the art game. Fame fortune and the much-vaunted virtues of "self-expression" await those luminescent few who succeed in creating something recognizable to large numbers of people. With multitudes of sensitive souls constantly hurling their life experiences in front of the speeding media truck, it seems unlikely that there's much of anything going on in the world that isn't clicking around somewhere in the computerized ether (there sure as hell is a collective unconscious, and we can tune it in anytime with a flip of the channel selector).

Overtly, or covertly, the focus of this magazine will be the network of information by which our lives are defined and controlled, all that will remain of us for post-holocaust society, everything we are, the media.

Consider this magazine an act of self-defense.

Aaron Noble  
Editor





A flashy young blonde living on the outskirts of time, and not without psychological background. A brutal place of constant tumult and flux, in which life can take an unexpected yet permanent direction in an instant of intense passion. She has the instincts of a gay soldier, fucking in the trench.



None of the boys has the knack of living-not-acting, youth as rigidly religious father, and she will have nothing to do with them. Their sense of sex is bluntly realistic. They call her a dyke and warn their sheepish girlfriends to avoid her.



She is motorcycle crazy, a devil-racer. She rides at night, living on the map, passing land and time, able to transform them into social observation, coming of age ten times a second.



She says: "Give me passion, love will come later."



I HAVE NO DELUSIONS  
THAT COSMETIC SURGERY  
IS REALITY.



AFTER MONTHS,

THICK

BLOOD

WILL HAVE THINNED.

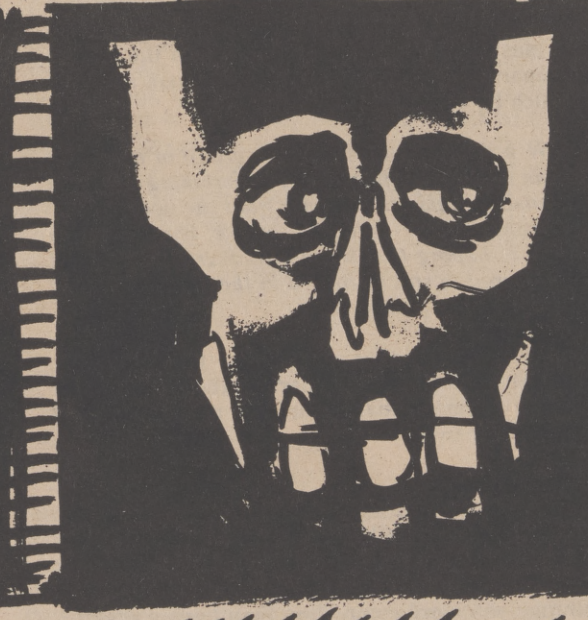


MY BLOOD, THROUGH SOME  
OBSCURE AND UNKNOWNABLE  
FILTERING SYSTEM.



A HOLE PUNCHED FOR PLEASURE. BREATHING COMES ONLY  
WITH DIFFICULTY.

A TWO INCH GASH. THE LEVEL OF CONFUSION.



K. SELTZER ©



# FIN DU GLOBE

## BEING CASUAL REMARKS ON THE ROMANCE OF TRENDS & THE FATAL

by BRAD LAPIN

The only criterion for an act is its elegance.  
—Jean Genet

PERHAPS the best thing one can say about trends is that they don't last very long. They are, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, like flowers, touch them and the bloom is gone. No one can doubt that one of the fixed features of popular culture in the last quarter of the 20th century is the almost omnipresence of fads, disposable fashions and evanescent trends that arise suddenly, flicker brightly and then sink into a kind of oblivion that, while not necessarily permanent, seems nonetheless inevitable.

WHERE are the flower children of yesteryear? The glitter kids high on platform shoes and gobs of pancake makeup? What has become of the polished preppies, the bopping two-toned skabbies, the emaciated leather-clad punklings with hair dyed the colour of tincture of iodine? Oh yes, some poor and hopeless survivors remain, idiotically clinging to a vision whose time has come and gone, but the *trend*, the *thing* itself is passed, leaving in its wake an emptiness or, more to the point, a hunger for something *new*.

THUS, for the sake of convenience, trends can be seen as more than slightly analogous to Chinese food — half an hour after you've eaten, you're hungry again. If your tastes in metaphor are less exotic, you may prefer to apply Wilde's wonderful epigram regarding cigarette smoking to the issue at hand: 'A most perfect type of a perfect pleasure...both exquisite and unsatisfying.' However you care to approach the whole topic of trends (and, not surprisingly, there are popular trends in intellectual approaches as well), the one undeniable fact is that our civilisation has, to a degree never before achieved in the long and inglorious history of mankind, become *obsessed* with fashions, fads, short-lived movements and trends.

UNLESS you happen to be one of those dour-faced, art-damaged types who wears your heart and soup-stains on your sleeve, you can't have helped but notice that a disproportionate number of the trends that run rampant in American youth culture happen to be imported. Whether it's a new musical style, a fashion in dress or costume, a specific attitude or a general approach to the rest of the world, most of the trends in youth culture are hatched out of that water-logged henhouse that is England (I will resist making any xenophobic remarks here about possible hormonal additives in English dairy products). While much debate has ensued relating to what came first, it seems clear enough that the U.K. has supplied eggs to American chickens.

EVERY American knows (or, at worst, suspects) that there is something *inherently* wrong with his or her culture. Every year witnesses the release of dozens of laboured tomes devoted to the essential problem or problems of American civilisation. Some take the form of tedious psychological novels (inspired by the French originally) that explore the trauma and tribulation of *being* American, others are elaborate psycho-historical works of 'fact' that attempt to prove that America is not, despite all the evidence to the contrary, merely an unfortunate delusion on the parts of 200 million plus people. All these works are as universally popular as they are poorly-written and conceived. What is not a trend in American culture is the obsession we all of us — young and old alike — have with our supposed inferiority to the rest of the civilised world. This inferiority complex appears to be hereditary, passing from one generation to the next and, with each new outcropping, it seems to gain in virulence. Geopoliticians of a revolutionary bent might suggest that it has its origins in our increasing importance in the destiny of the planet itself, more conventional radicals to whom Marxism is a creed as well as a social inclination would have us believe that as our nasty consumerist society disintegrates under the pressure of its own internal contradictions, we are necessarily obliged to seek meaning outside of our own, hopelessly decadent value system.

THE ENGLISH themselves don't have any difficulty understanding our fascination with their civilisation. They've never doubted its superiority for a minute. Nor, for that matter, have the French, Germans, Italians or even the mighty Swiss (whose culture has long been immured in subterranean bank vaults). Americans have always been and, from their point of view, always will be *parvenus*, the obnoxious country cousins to whom culture is a commodity best bought and sold and enshrined on the family mantelpiece. Europeans began by thinking Americans 'quaint,' time and American money, technology and influence has taught them that we are barbarians. *Vide* John Cooper Clark, the British pop poet in a recent interview, 'America is the only country that's gone from barbarity to decadence without any civilisation in between.' Or, nearly a hundred years earlier, Wilde: 'When good Americans die, they go to Paris. When bad Americans die, they *stay* in America.'

AND SO IT GOES. The more contemptible the rest of the world finds us, the more we seem to eat it up. Our capacity for self-hatred seems to know no bounds. A case in point: A recent issue of the *East Village Eye* carried an interview with British rock critic Julie Burchill. Burchill, whose highly-original prose graces the pages of the august *New Musical Express* and *The Face* (the *People Magazine* of English rock) spent nearly two pages declaiming the rottenness of American culture, the stupidity of Americans and corruption of all things American. From her high and lofty position which she and the rest of the privileged British rock press share, she reckoned that there was nothing quite as disgusting as an American and she concluded her interview by noting, almost parenthetically that 'God hates America.' Obviously Burchill *thought* that the young readers of the *Eye* would be angry, would rise to condemn her for her unprovoked assaults on the poor battered spirit and flesh of these United States. It only goes to show how pitifully ignorant Burchill and the rest of her ilk are. Rather than inflaming us, rather than irritating and disturbing, her words are actually soothing, affirming, as they do, our own worst suspicions about ourselves.

SELF-LOATHING is the point. The departure *and* the terminus for any chit-chat about the new decadence. For whatever else can be said about the decline in values, morals, quality and/or common sense, it must be admitted that it's as American as apple pie and motherhood. It's *our* decadence, Julie, and if you don't want to play by our rules, we'll take our toys home and play by ourselves!

*abundant dulcibus vitus*  
(they abound with pleasing faults)

OUR first reference then is to the celebrated seventh book of *The Republic*.

THINGS are not always what they seem. In fact, things are seldom, if ever, what they appear to be.

TAKE THE TITANIC. When it was built in 1912, it was hailed as the greatest ship ever built. Fashioned with all the skill modern science could provide, replete with every conceivable luxury, it was a kind of floating temple to the power and glory of human technology, a monument exalting the awesome triumph of human progress. Those privileged few who sailed upon her maiden voyage truly believed her to be unsinkable as did the men who designed, built and captained her. They were unanimous in their conviction that no force of nature existed that could sink so formidable a handiwork of modern science and art. She was the glittering realisation of man's conquest of nature and his ancient enemy, the sea. How puny a thing an iceberg must have seemed to the sailor in the crow's nest compared to the mighty symbol of man's ascent upon which he sailed.

NOW a familiar news item: *A group of investors have come together to finance an undertaking to locate and, if feasible, raise the Titanic from the ocean floor. Despite considerable evidence to the contrary, the expedition is hoping to salvage a treasure in gold and gems rumoured to still be locked in the bursar's vaults aboard the sunken luxury liner.*

RAISE the Titanic for a *rumoured* treasure? Risk life and limb and millions of dollars for the promise of at best a few diamond tiaras and an unsubstantiated emerald ring or two?

NOT LIKELY.

THE FASCINATION doesn't lie in the baubles left behind by a long-drowned Astor or Vanderbilt. The adventure, its lure, its romance is clearly founded on something even more compelling than human greed.

SO what is it? This thing that causes men to climb mountains, send rockets into space, build pyramids, to plumb the fathoms in search of the decayed corpse of the ship that could not sink?

—I give up, says X, lighting a cigarette stifling a yawn, what is it?

THE first thing to know about human nature is that nothing is stronger than the desire for vengeance. If given half a chance, human being will assume that they have been wronged. They will create enemies where none exist and imagine dangers lurking in even the most benign of places. Provocation is constantly sought, found, answered and sought again. It's an unending cycle of wrongs righted and rights wronged. Take any period in history, any historical personage... what seems to be the one unifying theme behind the

action, that binds a Hitler to a Jeanne D'Arc, a Napoleon to a Lincoln?

—I give up, X responds, sniffing the line of white powder off the mirror, what is it?

VENGEANCE, resentment, will to power! That's all. The overweening pride in oneself and one's species. The belief that 'nature is what we were put on earth to rise above.' The treasure to be found in the Titanic is proving that the men who built her weren't wrong. She *is* unsinkable! Man IS master. The world is what we decide it should be!

—I give up, X says, placing his gaucho hat on his head, I wanna have some fun!

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Trends, to truly be trends, must become trendy. However, once trendy, they cannot, to remain trends, stay trendy. They, like the disposable whiffs of smoke and whimsy that they are, must fade, leaving only a greasy residue behind (or, in some rare cases, a greasy behind). That is the first and only law of trends.

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The advantages of our times:  
Nothing is true, everything is permitted.  
—Nietzsche

STEVE STRANGE comes to San Francisco to have fun. 'I like to have fun,' says Steve, wearing his gaucho outfit and standing on the stage of the On Broadway Theatre. 'I like people to have fun.' Steve is the founder of Visage, a sort of rock'n'roll band *cum* fashion show *cum* travelling circus *cum* philosophico-mystico-religico-sociologico PHENOMENON. He is English and his record label (American, naturally) is presented him to the great unwashed in a series of 'extravaganzas' in major cities throughout the U.S. Because Steve likes to have fun and because he likes his audience to have fun, he decides not to perform in San Francisco. There's not enough of a dance floor at the On Broadway and, despite the 500 or so people, many of whom have dressed-up especially for the occasion, Steve prefers not to perform. He's standing on the stage (accompanied by two people pretending to be plaster mannequins) to announce that he's cancelling his lecture and its related diversions for tonight. The audience is very sullen and as he leaves, he tells the masses how sorry it is that it didn't work out, but it just couldn't be helped. Steve is very polite. Later he goes to Danceland, a gay disco. What happens from then on is nobody's business but his own.

ACCORDING to the various stories that have cropped-up over the last ten months, this year's big trend has had several different names. At first, it was called 'Futurism,' (supposedly because of the rigid style of dance), then 'Dandyism,' (the fastidious attention to costume), finally 'New Romantic' became the accepted phraseology. In its ludicrous and typically shallow celebration of the phenomenon, *D.I.Y. Magazine* said the term '...eventually stuck as a catch-all phrase to describe the scene. (It) implies both creative fantasy and superficial pretentiousness. In a fit of the latter, its main protagonists categorize themselves as "The Cult With No Name," because they are consistently changing and can't be pegged to one label.' (*D.I.Y., September 1981*) That New Romantic is an authentic trend is proved by the degree to which most of the rock press in England and the States has glauomed onto it. The aforementioned *Face* is generally credited with identifying (if not *starting*) it. Not surprising when you consider that *The Face* bills itself as a journal of 'music, movies, style.' For style is, if you hearken to the words of the No-Name Cult's Non-spokespeople (i.e. Steve Strange) the whole point.



## ALLURE OF THE NEW DECADENCE



Steve is the first to admit he gets bored with the same old fashions. he likes to change from his gaucho look to his Moroccan Indian get-up to his Egyptian prince outfit. Apparently changing his clothes alot is fun and Steve, as he made abundantly clear during his whirlwind tour of the hinterlands, likes fun! In his interviews, Steve is very careful to note that the No-Name Cult is changing-changing-changing all the time-time-time. And Steve is not alone. There are, you'll be happy to hear, more like him at home.

ADAM, for instance. As in...& The Ants. Adam makes Sex Music for Ant People (or is it Ant Music for Sex People?) He changes a lot too. Sometimes he changes into a pirate, sometimes an indian, sometimes an advert for Lady Mabeline. He, like Steve, has a band and an American record label and he also makes important statements...like how important sex is and how important Adam and his ant/sex music is. According to the *New York Rocker*, Adam likes girls. Unlike Steve, Adam almost always performs at his announced gigs (averaging ten bucks a ticket). If Adam were not enough company for anyone, Steve can also count the whole of Spandau Ballet on his side, as well as Classix Nouveau and Duran Duran and Depeche Mode. Steve has lots of *amis* who like to CHANGE and MAKE MUSIC and HAVE FUN!!!

READING interviews with these fun people who belong to the No-Name Cult is, I must confess, not as much fun as reading transcripts from the Jonestown Cult or even the Watergate Cult. These No-Namers who like to change so much are very serious people and they are very serious about fun. To them, style is fun and fun is style. At the base of the No-Name trend is just that very simple truth. In fact, it's a truth simple enough for simpletons. But, as the names of their bands make clear, it helps if you're a French-speaking simpleton.

IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING: To be a New Romantic, you need a lot of changes. You especially need at least one black eyepatch and several pounds of mascara. A hoop skirt wouldn't hurt! Since all trends, especially this one, require an identifiable *attitude*, it's absolutely vital that you assume the imperious air of someone who's recently had a colostomy...head erect, nostrils flaring, hips swaying. It also doesn't hurt if you like disco.

DISCO?!! You remember disco, don't you? That shapeless lump that was only more socially-acceptable than musically offensive. Well, Steve and the others within the No-Name Cult are great believers in the efficacy of dancing. Steve thinks politics are *icky*, but he just loves to bop. Gary Kemp, the 21-year old songwriter, guitarist and synthesizer player of Spandau Ballet, doesn't mind talking abit of politics now and again, but he wants to make it perfectly clear that what matters to working-class kids is 'looking good and having a good time.' Good times, fun and changing are all reminiscent of those wonderful disco days of yore. People used to get all dolled-up in their disco outfits (later Montgomery Ward and Pennys sold them for \$12.95 per) and go out and, yes, you guessed it, *PARTY!!* It's very cool again to PARTY and to change into your favorite Newly Romanticised disco gear.

SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. In the proverbial nutshell. Even *The Face* couldn't give it to you with as much *declassé* condescension.

*Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo*  
—Terrence

(I cut this man's throat with his own sword)

SOME THINGS are too precious for this world. I am afraid that the Cult With No Name or, if you insist on being vulgar, New Romantics was one of them. Already a dead-end. Already finished. A trend that's seen better days.

—I can't believe it's over. I was just getting into it.

—Shit, I just bought my new hoop skirt and a eyepatch. Now what?

TRENDS, to truly be trends, must become trendy. However, once trendy, they cannot, to remain trends, stay trendy. They, like the disposable whiffs of smoke and whimsy that they are, must fade, leaving only a greasy residue behind (or, in some rare cases, a greasy behind). That is the first and only law of trends.

The future belongs to the dandy —  
It is the exquisites who are going to rule.  
—Oscar Wilde

### A DIALOGUE

*being a fragment found in an abandoned water closet*

X: No, of course not. Nowadays, when we talk about pleasure what we're actually referring to is an affectionate compromise between pain and pleasure. Pain is like the seasoning without which all of our pleasures would soon grow bland and colourless. With the vast stores of thrills, kicks and assorted joys our society makes available to us, only the presence of pain can provide the cutting edge between delight and *ennui*. Anything that's really fun — whether it's sex, getting high, rock'n'roll, making art, conversing with friends, travel, even, and especially, love — is rife with pain, with risk, with threat. And that's the very thing that causes so much alarm to the philistines, blue-noses and all those moron majority types. They sense the pain inherent in pleasure and are scared to death. Since misery loves company, they attempt to enforce their nasty little fears on the rest of us. They pass laws, regulations, taxes and all manner of repressive infringements on personal freedom. They outlaw pleasure, never understanding that by making it forbidden, they succeed only in making more fascinating. Forbid someone to do something and all you've succeeded in doing is interesting him in it all the more.

S: I still don't see your point about pain. I mean, the whole idea of pleasure seems to be a matter of avoiding pain and getting satisfaction.

X: Satisfaction? A good name for a song, but it makes for a lousy philosophy of life. It's not a question of satisfaction — which strikes me as synonymous with boredom — but of *sensation*. Satisfaction is the end of something, a result, not a cause, a culmination whose finality has all the characteristics of death. In fact, the only people who rightly ought to talk about satisfaction are morticians; they customers (or do they call them clients) never complain. Life is a process, first *and* last. It's active, vital, ceaseless, unculminating and intense. Sensation is the fuel that keeps us moving and growing, changing and adjusting, challenging and struggling. It's the *seeing* of beauty that gives us joy. It's the *hearing* of music that compels us to dance. It's the *feeling* of flesh against ours that makes us climax so gloriously. Pater puts it much more eloquently when he says in *'marius'*, 'Experience for the sake of experience, not for the fruit of experience.'

And so, we come to pain. For without it, there is no pleasure. Just as without ugliness, there is no beauty or without vice there is no truth. All experience affirms the absolute duality of things — nothing can exist without its opposite; no idea, no sensation, no relationship, no belief. Contemporary culture takes as its objective to provide us with the greatest imaginable array of pleasurable stimuli and just as endless is the over-amping, the burning-out that so rich and varied a panoply of pleasure induces. Few avoid the spiritual indigestion that modern society's lucullan feast leaves in its wake. It seems so wonderfully ironic that never in the history of the world have so many people had access to so much pleasure and been so thoroughly unhappy.

I want to work in the gap between art and life;  
neither can be made.

—Rauschenberg

PERHAPS the worst thing one can say about trends is that they lull us into a false sense of security. Rather than seeking our own styles, finding our own approaches, setting our own fashions, we grow increasingly content to have them foisted upon us by those whom the media appoints. And it is with the media that an understanding or, if you prefer, an appreciation of trends, fashions, fads and pop movements really begins. More everyday, it has become increasingly clear that the media is no more than a mirror held up before us in which our own image is trapped. As the media of communications has increased in number and penetration throughout the world, life has rapidly assumed the quality as well as the characteristics of a fun-house. People seem less able than ever before to differentiate between the real and the *illusion*, of the real. The current regime in Washington is grisly enough evidence for anyone. Like a nation of Calibans, we've gone mad with indignation at the image we find in the glass. Repelled, yet fascinated, we have become slaves to our own inverted vanity. Out of this self-hate/love, we've begun to grasp at straws, at *any* phenomenon that seems to offer a reprieve from the ugliness we see all around us. If that answer we seek comes wrapped in a package stamped with cheap slogans decrying our humanity, disdaining

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our accomplishments, so much the better for it seems to ring with a truthful familiarity. We have inherited a wealth that no nation or people have ever dreamt of before. A code of values so broad, an array of technologies so diverse that no one person can wisely choose between them. We have been caught in our trap, hoisted by our own petard. In our agony, alone and in pathetic little groups, we cry out for someone to show us the way.

AND WE ARE GREETED WITH SILENCE.

OR with the voices of so many who would sell us a bill of 'goods' that it might as well be silence.

IN AXEL, Villiers d'Isle-Adam presents a paradox that is quintessentially decadent. Axel, the young, impoverished nobleman seeks an ancient treasure. Unbeknownst to him, a fair young maiden seeks it as well. Converging in the subterranean chamber of a timeless castle, they simultaneously discover the fabulous treasure. The maiden, startled, shoots Axel with the revolver she is carrying. Terrified by her own violence, she is relieved when she finds that the youth is not dead, but only stunned and slightly wounded. Gazing into his comely face, she falls in love and he, awakening, is instantly consumed with passion for her. Sitting amidst the greatest wealth imaginable, the two lovers speak of all the wonderful, the exquisite things that they shall do. The travels, the palaces, the gems, the parties, the perfect pleasures they will experience *together*. Suddenly, Axel goes pale, turning to his love, his eyes wet with tears, he shrugs bitterly and says, 'Live? Our servants can do *that* for us!' It is true. What they phantasied, what they have imagined is purer, more perfect than anything they could experience. Their lives are through. They have experienced the finest moments already, all that is left for them is disappointment and despair. Their is no choice left for them...they kill themselves.

DECADENCE as a term embodying a revolutionary submersion of self in sensation (Rimbaud's 'derangement of the senses') may very possibly be the last response open to us faced, as we are, with a civilisation rapidly going terminal. For sick America is and ours is a cancer which cannot but help to affect the rest of the world. Baudelaire said of the dandy's antitype that he dreams in his cradle of selling himself for a million. How many Julie Burchills, Steve Stranges, Adam Ants and others who claim to hold us in such superb contempt dream of going to America and selling themselves for a million or two or three? Those to whom we've turned to save us from what we sense as a lack of wholeness, what we feel is a hunger to know and to be, they have already demonstrated their essential bankruptcy, spiritually as well as economically. We are, like it or not, being forced back on ourselves. Not as Americans *per se*, but as beings in a particular place and in a particular time. Our only refuge it seems remains in becoming the seers and visionaries that Rimbaud tempts us to be. It must be our 'blue eyes that burn with a necessary cruelty,' if human civilisation is to survive.

THE FATE OF CIVILISATION rests solely in the fate of the individual. If decadence has come to mean, as it appears it has, the exaltation of the individual — his sensations, his ideas, his tastes, his arts — then we have nothing to fear from the label. Rather than commissioning some vulgar new cult, some nasty perfectly disposable new trend, we have the option of forging, if only for oneself and oneself alone, the beginning of a new age. Truly, we are all of us faced with more than just *fin de siècle*, but with *fin du globe*, whether sitting in a nightclub, sleeping it off in a gutter or staring at an empty canvas. Our options are *not* limitless. That's one lie at least we've seen through.

THE NEW DECADENCE? Same as the old decadence. The opportunities are only as many as the wills and imaginations of those who would care to use them.

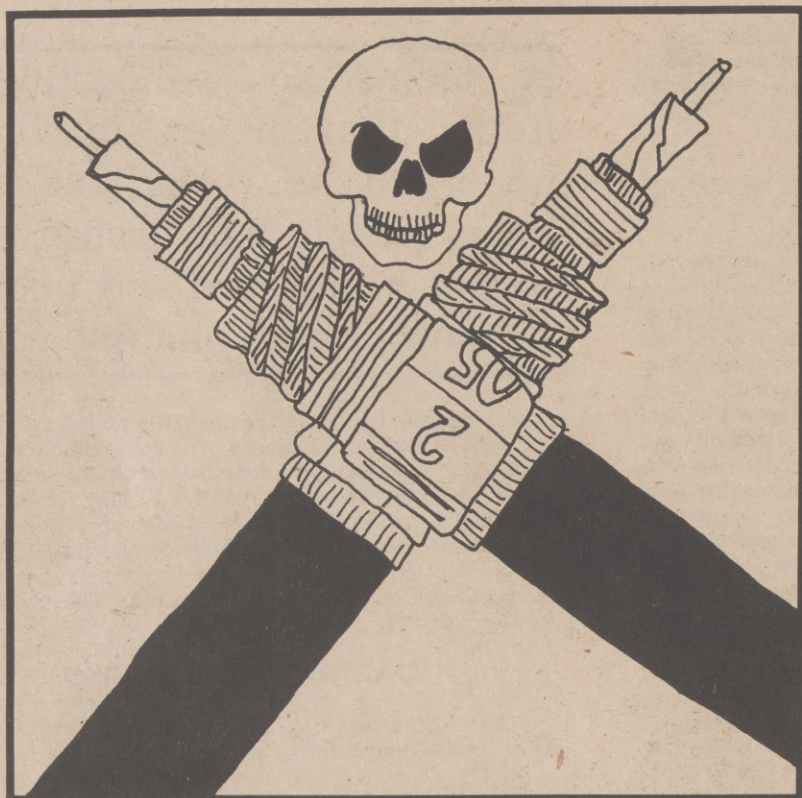
—I'm tired, says X, laying down in the gutter, I think I'll have a nap.



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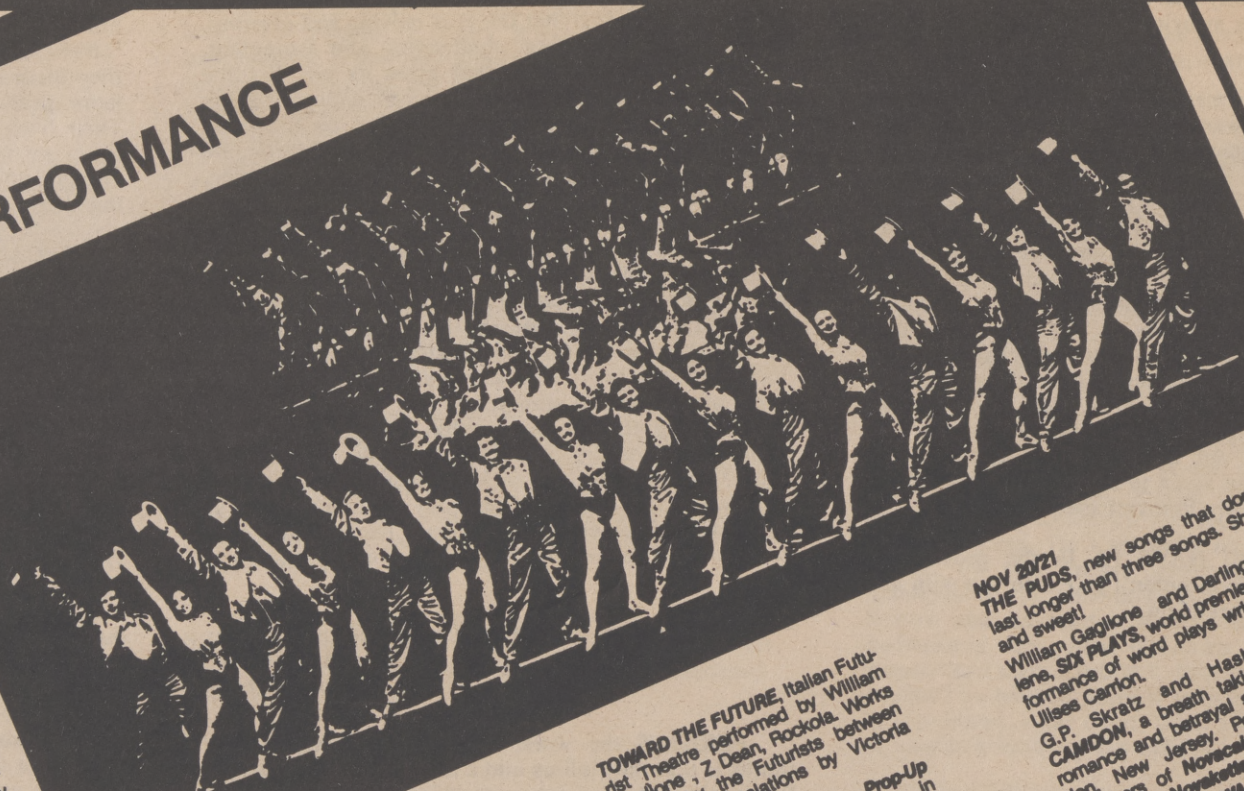
## LA MAMELLE INC. PERFORMING/PERFORMANCE

**NOV 6/7**  
Mike Crane: On The Neo-Neo-Post-  
Impressionism. life is once again  
just a Sunday afternoon along the  
Seine River. An examination of the  
relationship between cowboys and  
artists. Assisted lecture in a perform-  
ance format.

Stephen Moore, TV EXTRACTS/A  
VIDEO READING. Another landfall in  
the artist's continuing search for self  
and the true cause of reality!

**NOVACAIN**, back by popular de-  
mand. The presentation of classic  
Punk and New Wave musical com-  
positions on traditional jug band in-  
struments. Paul Cotton, Jamey Brze-  
zinski, Carol Schwamberger, G.P.

John Woodall, **BEARDACHE**, it's The  
Same Way In My Dreams! Perform-  
ance for eight with no extras. Nancy  
McClellan, Tron Bykier, Gary Apo-  
theker, Deborah Craig, Susan Pasley,  
Susan Battini, Abbi Jung.



**NOV 13/14**  
Sam Hsieh, **One Year Performance**.  
April 11, 1990-April 11, 1991. A film doc-  
umenting Hsieh's one year long per-  
formance of punching a time clock  
located in his studio. Hsieh punched  
in on the hour and had only missed  
the 8,760 total.

Opal Nations and G.P. Skratz,  
**SINGIN' & DANCIN'** Act that's been  
The Vaudeville Act that's been  
sweeping the street and comedy. Tap  
country. Live music and rolling the  
dice in dark alleys.

Dominic and Susan Alekula, **AERIAL**  
dancing in dark alleys.  
**SPRAY IN SAN JOSE** and **LIBERTY**.  
non-Arts activity presented as visual  
light-sound performances. Not to be  
missed!

**TOWARD THE FUTURE**, Italian Futu-  
rist Theatre performed by William  
Gaglione, Z Dean, Rockola. Works  
written by the Futurists between  
1910-1925. Translations by Victoria  
Nes Kirby.

Michael Peppo, **Trade, Prop-Up**  
Comedy. Blank texts written in  
scream of consciousness. Meaning-  
music k for antipodes. A character  
without anyOneness as All To Mary.  
Gleeful references to nothing but  
nothing, and even that only rarely.  
**PLEASE NO WEIRDOS!**

**NOV 20/21**  
**THE PUDS**, new songs that don't  
last longer than three songs. Short  
and sweet!  
William Gaglione and Darling Dar-  
lene, **SIX PLAYS**, world premiere per-  
formance of word plays written by  
Ulises Carrion.

G.P. Skratz and Hash Flash,  
**CAMDON**, a breath taking tale of  
romance and betrayal set in Cam-  
don, New Jersey. Performed by  
members of **Novacaine** and intro-  
ducing the **Novacaine**.

**WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY**,  
G.P. Skratz person to person with  
Bob Dylan. Skratz visits folk rock star  
studio. Video Performance.  
Nancy Frank, **HIGHTECH**, a video  
performance in fast forward mode  
investigating high-tech interior  
space. Isolation in day-glo colors!

## NOVEMBER SCHEDULE OF NEW ART ACTIVITY IN A CABARET SETTING

La Mamelle, Inc. 70-12th Street, SF, 94103.  
Phone 431-7524  
ALL EVENTS BEGIN AT 9:30PM

ADMISSION: US\$4.00



# Bible Study

## Liabie

HEROD. Salome, daughter of Herodias, dance for me.

I would be happy at this moment. Of a truth, I am happy. There is nothing I lack.

Salome, Salome, dance for me. I pray thee dance for me. I am sad to-night. Yes, I am passing sad to-night. When I came hither I slipped in blood, which is an ill omen; also I heard in the air a beating of wings, a beating of giant wings. I cannot tell what that may mean. . . . I am sad to-night. Therefore dance for me. Dance for me, Salome, I beseech thee. If thou dancest for me thou mayest ask of me what thou wilt, and I will give it thee. Yes, dance for me, Salome, and whatsoever thou shalt ask of me I will give it thee, even unto the half of my kingdom.

ter says. She is going to dance for me. Thou doest well to dance for me, Salome. And when thou hast danced for me, forget not to ask of me whatsoever thou hast a mind to ask. Whatsoever thou shalt desire I will give it thee, even to the half of my kingdom. I have sworn-it, have I not?

Even to the half of my kingdom. Thou wilt be passing fair as a queen. Salome, if it please thee to ask for the half of my kingdom. Will she not be fair as a queen? Ah! it is cold here! There is an icy wind, and I hear . . . wherefore do I hear in the air this beating of wings? Ah! one might fancy a huge black bird that hovers over the terrace. Why can I not see it, this bird? The beat of its wings is terrible. The breath of the wind of its wings is

terrible. It is a chill wind. Nay, but it is not cold, it is hot. It am choking. Pour water on my hands. Give me snow to eat. Loosen my mantle. Quick! quick! loosen my mantle. Nay, but leave it. It is my garland that hurts me, my garland of roses. The flowers are like fire. They have burned my forehead. [He tears the wreath from his head, and throws it on the table.] Ah! I can breathe now. How red those petals are! They are like stains of blood on the cloth. That does not matter. It is not wise to find symbols in everything that one sees. It makes life too full of terrors. It were better to say that stains of blood are as lovely as rose-petals. It were better far to say that. . . .





#### An Almost Poem

Responsible Adults  
A Name You Can Trust  
Toxic Shock  
America On Ice  
Stronger Pain Reliever  
Experts Agree  
Occasional Irregularities  
Feminine Hygiene  
Helps Shrink Swelling  
Life Got Tougher  
Nuclear Defense System  
Doctors Recommend  
Middle Class High  
First Strike Capability  
Fall Fashions  
Disposable --

the last in a series of five  
phylogenetic virgins

--Anon

#### Drunk on the Train

Who sez this thing  
called artistic vision  
couldn't be fixed  
by a competent  
optometrist?

That a few weeks  
of electroshock and  
I could be a pre-law  
fish fucking negro.

Why does the rest  
of the world  
appear so  
late?

--Anon

#### Have a Nice Day

It's new improved  
couch  
with plug-in softness.  
It's mechanical wife  
with rubber kiss  
and styrofoam wink  
her sweet dream  
electric fish/ made of  
chrome plates  
and pink stainless steel  
working parts.  
It's shirt fire  
and fake window  
--steel dog with  
polyester turds  
who barks Beethoven's fifth  
or the Blue Danube Waltz.  
It's the test tube baby  
man  
door to door  
with polyethelene slick eyed-children  
who play the piano  
and march in step  
at age three.  
It's the plaster-cast  
neighbors  
standing waving at the window  
smiling at the lawn.

Have a nice day.

--David White





# The New John Wayne

On a wintry morning  
Like galvanized steel  
He sits atop his icy steed  
an ageless wonder  
time—decay actor.  
He is bigger than the both of us  
the New John Wayne.  
With a metal face mask  
eternal stoic pose  
He sits surveying the vastness  
of the nether world beyond.  
Through fiber optic eyes  
illuminating "b" movie glow  
He sees the world as no one can.  
"Head 'em off at the pass" nostrils flare  
like a Marlboro man  
the manifestation of Macho  
the New John Wayne.  
Immortal monolith  
standing tall- Mr. Bunyanesque America  
his electro-motors whir and hum  
computing cowboy plans and  
flying bomber thoughts.  
In the cool crispy morning  
He sets the hammy stage  
the moment is right, now, for  
The New John Wayne.

Roger Tot-Finder



Invitation found by an angel  
in the jaws of a sea horse

My heart is filled  
with impending sacrifices  
While I plot them all,  
I will lend you  
my tinkling bells  
if you wear them  
and  
dance with joy.  
By then  
you will have learned  
how to pull  
carelessly  
the thread of my blood

Xavier Munian






# MEN!







*JOAN OF ARC DIED FOR YOUR SINS*



# Interview with CARL LOEFFLER

Director of La Mamelles, Inc.

By Howard Maier

H.M. Carl, I'd like to start by asking you what motivated you to create La Mamelles, Inc.?

C.L. Well, Initially the idea for La Mamelles was conceived in 1974, and we began doing all our activity in 1975. It's important to understand, first and foremost, that we started as publishers and did not have this space. We did not begin the kinds of activities that we're known for in the community until 1976. Our initial motivation was to create publications, and the idea behind that was to start a magazine, which was called La Mamelles Magazine. What we wanted to do was to operate on basically two levels. We wanted to produce a journal that would function as "primary art", meaning the artists would do the pages. They would be more or less pieces in and of themselves. Then when you look at the magazine as a whole, from that point of view, it would be i.e. "primary [art]". Secondly, what we wanted to do was to publish information in the form of reviews, essays, and articles by the artists. The overall impulse behind La Mamelles Magazine was to fill the gap. A gap from the standpoint that there wasn't a predominant amount of artist based periodicals here in California, at that time. The kinds of periodicals out there were like Artweek, even the L.A.I.C.A. journal hadn't started yet, so there was a real need, a real necessity for this type of publication. The kind of operational model was that of Avalanche Magazine, done by Willoughby Sharp and Liza Bear. I remember, very early in the 70's, being enormously impressed by the qualitative and accurate level of information they were disseminating regarding the contemporary art concerns they were involved in, which leads us to another plateau. La Mamelles, for the most part, has specialized in the area of performance and video art, and again when you look at journals, you very rarely see material pertaining to those specific art interests. Going back to 1974 there was a paltry amount of information being published so we felt there was a real need for our magazine.

Then how it was that we developed our space was that in 1975 we were organizing some floating events, some performance series that would take place in different situations, and at the same time we needed a space to house our magazine. All of us who were involved with publishing at the time decided that we could expand the level of participation toward our information gathering. So, we decided to form what in those days was termed an alternative space but what we today call an artist's space. Again the idea was, if we had all this activity going on here, this would be a way of feeding the kinds of information that we needed to produce publications.

You call La Mamelles an "artist's space". How would you describe an artist's space, like La Mamelles, to someone in the community?

Well, succinctly stated, an artist's space by working definition is a space maintained by artists, for artists. If you have that kind of by artists, for artists orientation, you have an organization that is very sensitive to the artist's point of view. When we look at the criteria for the early 70's when we surfaced, the sensitivity involved was that the artists would come in and decide where the work would be hung, or installed, or how the work would be presented. That's a little different than operating in a museum setting, where, for the most part, the curators take over those kinds of roles. In other words, all of us who operate here and run this space, administratively, are artists. We like to deal very closely from the artist's perspective with regard to what it is we do here. This space is maintained for the artist's active participation in what we do.

Of course, as time goes by, the definition of artist's space has changed a bit. We all have pretty much gotten used to the idea of artists demands and what that means. Since we've been so sensitive to those viewpoints all along, we've just internalized all of that, so, when we think about what we're going to do, automatically we have those concerns inbred into our decision making consciousness. The kind of heroic gesture of having artists take responsibility for what they're doing, at this point is somewhat meaningless, because we've all learned those lessons. That doesn't mean we're not doing it, it's just an automatic part of our process now.

Another important point regarding artist's spaces is that we've all become so damned institutionalized. I mean La Mamelles is an institution, as is 80 Langton St., Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, and the Kitchen Center in New York. When we started these spaces, especially in regards to us, we knew we would become an institution if we stood in the same place and did the same thing long enough, but we had no idea it would happen so fast, within a five year period. What it means for us to be an institution is not the same as, for example, the S.F. Museum of Modern Art. When you look at that organization and say, "yes, that's an institution" how you frame that comment is that it's a closed system. You can't get in. You can't participate in the mechanics of meaning. With regards to us, when we say we're an institution, we don't mean it from the standpoint of a closed system, since we're as open as we've ever been, but rather, because we've been doing this so long we have an audience out there. Not only the audience that comes here to see live events, but all those other levels in the art field, like museums, art schools, and libraries, that rely upon the level of information we put out that henceforth defines the meaning and form of contemporary art. Our intent from the start was that the information we put out to become rapidly internalized by those systems and henceforth used to create new art. It's like what Joseph Kosuth talks about in his texts: what the art making process is all about is continuously adding to the dialogue and meaning of art in such a degree that other artists can take your level of dialogue, amplify and synthesize it, therefore continuing the dialogue. That's what's going on here at La Mamelles.

What kinds of stages has La Mamelles gone through since you opened in 1975?

The first stage we dealt with was that of publications and that occupied us for about a year. We didn't begin doing full-scale activities here at 12th St. until early in 1976. So, 1975 was oriented exclusively toward producing our magazine, and the kinds of concerns we were involved with were prototypically conceptual art and body art, and when we got involved in running the space we followed those same kinds of concerns. In terms of conceptual interests, they ranged from photographic exhibitions entitled "West Coast Conceptual Photography" and "Photography and Language" to very conceptual exhibitions where political type photographs were exhibited anonymously. In terms of performance we did here, they were quite non-theatrical, very body-art oriented. The people who exhibited or did pieces were for example, Terry Fox and Willoughby Sharp.

When we talk about 1977, we enormously increased our publication activity. At that point we'd been invited to international art fairs in Europe, and the directors of La Mamelles had the opportunity to tour Canada and visit all the alternative art spaces. By the end of 1977, we'd been in virtually every alternative space in the world, and seen their models and how they operated. At that time we were also getting involved in leftist activities that were Marxist oriented. Artists like Martha Rosler exhibited at this time and we got very heavily involved with feminist issues. We did highly neo-Marxist exhibitions like "Use Value of the Gallery and the Mechanics of Meaning", and what we were questioning was the format of gallery presentation and what kind of tenor do these models put upon the meaning of the work. In 1977 we started taking the idea of our context very seriously and started to figure out how we could introduce other artists to this type of context and also work on the networking activity of art. Since we're talking about networking, in 1977 we got more and more involved in video and tele-communications, where in conjunction with Liza Bear, Willoughby Sharp, and Keith Sonnier we did a fifteen hour two-way satellite transmission from San Francisco to New York City. That was a historic first, the C.T.S. had never been used in that way before. We had ground distribution here in SF on viacom cable and in NYC on Manhattan/Soho cable. That idea of networking was what 1977 was all about for us.

In 1978 we started in the direction of theatricality that we occupy today, although it was quite advanced for the context here. We've always had the precarious position of being world-wise, but being stuck in SF. San Francisco is a wonderful town, but it's a very hermetic one. From the beginning we've set our operational model up where we didn't really want to be successful in SF, but internationally. The kind of art that was produced here took more of its cues from what was happening in NY, Europe, especially Amsterdam, and Canada, than from SF. What we were doing at this time was live productions on cable tv that parodied television exactly. We would do news shows and talk shows as performance art. All the activity would be very frontal with visuals produced either graphically or by video effects, and again they'd be oriented toward the camera and the television viewing audience. In 1978 everything we did here was oriented toward the media, and we became increasingly disinterested in a live audience, because even if there are 20 billion people watching it, it all resides on aspects of documentation and how you can disseminate it.

What that leads us to in 1979 was even more media awareness where we started doing all our live activity on broadcast television. We went from cable to broadcast in 1979. Our premier series called *Produced for Television* involved bringing what we considered first generation performance artists into a television studio to affect pieces live. Who we invited to that series were Chip Lord, Phil Garner, Chris Burden, Lynn Herschmann, and Barbara Smith. In terms of our gallery, we were continuing to do exhibitions, but at this point they became entirely focused on video. Up till 1979 we showed a variety of different media like photography, drawings, and some quasi-installational work, but all with conceptual art concerns. In '79 we stopped all that and started showing primarily video. I would like to mention that Nancy Frank curates those shows, and does a very good job.

In 1980 we found ourselves in the position of having a four part broadcast series, about 40 videotapes we had produced, a whole backlog of publications and this wonderful book, *Performance Anthology*. It literally took us a year, administratively to deal with the flow. There was so much demand for that stuff out there that it was a full time job just to fill orders, type invoices and of course push the stuff. Publications have a tendency to work automatically. But if you give them a little boost, or twink them up, as they say in the video world, the flow comes in all the faster. By the end of 1980 we had placed that four part series in about five different broadcast situations, a multitude of museums, in about twenty educational situations and about half a dozen alternative spaces. Again, all of this is very consistent with our ongoing concerns of documenting information.

In 1981 we find ourselves in the position of doing live performance again. Some people might find that a little quizzical, being that we more or less put a moratorium on that type of activity in 1979. It makes a lot of sense for us to do it again, because specifically in 1980 there were a lot of spaces out there like the A-Hole Gallery, Valencia Tool and Dye, Club Generic, Jet Wave and A.R.E. that were very active. However, most of those spaces, with all due respects, burned out in a year's period of time. What that meant for us, as in the beginning, there was a gap there, so La Mamelles stepped in and filled the gap.

We decided to present events here in a cabaret type format and it's interesting how that came about, because it indicates a big shift in the way performance art is presented. If you would have been here in 1976 you would have found that there were no chairs and you wouldn't have been angry. Now people go

continued on page Q



# Sweet

# SAVAGETTE

GRINDING COME OFF DIRTY  
DOORKNOBS SUITS HER WELL

she makes the call.  
hello, don, this is denise.  
i'm just laying on my soft  
bed and i'm waiting for you.  
maybe i should describe myself,  
humm, oh yes i have blond hair  
and big baby blue eyes,  
pouty red lips  
and a long  
white neck  
(a real hot pussy)

POLISHING DOOR HINGES, MAKING  
BRONZE SHOW THROUGH RUBBING  
HARD METAL AGAINST A COARSE  
STONE

i'll hyperventilate until you do it  
moaning spurt your sticky sick  
ejaculation into the phone receiver  
you better thank me you motherfucker  
can we do it in the ass,  
yeah stick your finger there  
do you like it?  
oh yes and i like your big hard cock  
just imagine, on the telephone  
this is your phantasy call.

SHE POLISHES DOORKNOBS FOR  
JESUIT PRIESTS AND TALKS ON THE  
PHONE WHILE THEY BEAT THEIR  
MEAT

boom pa boom pa boom pa pa  
boom pa boom pa boom pa pa  
boom pa boom pa boom pa pa  
boom pa boom pa boom papa

Day One.

Marshland now in sight, wet and furry  
darkdeep green. A small clearing here and a hut  
covered with mud. Inside, jump / three steps down,  
there is a plaster room.

hello john, this is denise.  
will you accept the charges?  
baby i missed you too and i really  
do want to talk to you.  
that's right, stroke it and imagine  
i am licking you all up and down from  
the tip of your cock to your goddamn  
hairy balls. it feels sooo good doesn't it.  
i am stroking your anus soft like  
and now i do it harder.

Day Two.

Inside the room, the twenty fourth hour.  
The plaster walls are smooth and freshly painted.  
They show only fingerprints low to the ground.  
In one corner, there is a bone, white and clean.  
(boom papa)

Day Three.

Two meals have passed. The remains  
of canned foods are begining to smell.. Bread crusts  
litter the floor and some ants crawl. A bucket  
of shit is stinking too.

THEY LIVE IN A MONASTERY AND PLAY  
ONLY BY THEMSELVES. THE VIRGIN WATCHES  
OVER THEM AND THEY CRY THEMSELVES TO  
SLEEP (if i should die before i wake, i pray the lord  
my soul to take) HE SAID HE DOESN'T BELIEVE  
IN GOD BUT HE LIVES INSIDE THAT PLACE OF  
HUSHED AND CAREFUL CORRIDORS AND  
STAINED GLASS WINDOWS BREAKING LIGHT.



is-tu d'autres animaux  
mpagnie que tu souhai-  
perdre ?



SHE POLISHES DOORKNOBS FOR JESUIT PRIESTS  
AND THEN SOMETIMES SHE BAKES THEM  
SWEETS.

i've been waiting to teach you a  
lesson, bob, you've been a very bad  
boy, and you know you must be pun-  
ished. now, lock your door and hold  
the phone tight. remember, i'm your  
phantasy doll.

Day Four.

White plaster shavings pile on the floor.  
A hole is beginning to break through into the  
light. Bits of green show with flecks across the  
hut. When it is dark the wind whistles hard. It  
is a frightening and constant melody.

HE MEETS HER ON THE STREET, HE LURKING  
IN THE DOORWAY, SHE OPENING THE GATE.  
HER HEART IS COLD AND HIS IS TOO AND  
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. UP AND OVER  
TO THE BAR DOWN THE STREET, DOWN AND  
UNDER, ENCOUNTER COMPLETE.

Day Five.

The hole is big enough to fit through.  
Savagette crawls out and along the ground over  
to a fire. A man there nods his head and passes  
her a yam. She eats lightly, wiping brown  
grease off a brown face. Finished with the food  
she walks to a large pot of tar boiling and begins  
to cover a pair of boots with the sticky stuff.  
The man, noticing, comes to her waving his  
arms and of course she runs.

EVERY SUNDAY SHE GETS HER CHECK AND  
CASHES IT ON MONDAY. SHE TRYs LIKE  
HELL TO FUCK THINGS UP— EATS AN ORANGE  
A DAY AND DENTAL FLOSSES NOW. HE COM-  
PLAINS HIS GUMS ARE BLEEDING, SHE PASSES  
SOME ADVICE, HE ONLY PASSES BLOOD.  
ANOTHER ONE ANOTHER ONE AND STILL  
ANOTHER/ ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR.

Day Six.

Rapid run, long and hard, leaves  
slapping across her face leaving veiny prints  
even on her arms. Slowing she dips her  
feet in water. The bottom of the water is  
slimy, the bottom of the water hole is rocky.  
The bottom of the water hole leaves inden-  
tations on the soles of her feet, the bottom  
of the water hole covers her feet with green  
algae. The sun is filtered, sometimes yellow,  
sometimes still, chill blue.

SOME OF THE PRIESTS THINK THEY ARE  
MAGICIANS. WHILE STUDYING AND WORK-  
ING HARD THEY RUB THEIR LOINS AND  
MUTTER INCANTATIONS. THE YOUNG ONES,  
TONGUES ROLLING OUT CAN'T FIND A  
PLACE TO PUT IT SO THEY STICK IT TO  
THEMSELVES' OR CALL HER ON THE TELE-  
PHONE FOR PRECISE ANTICIPATIONS. SHE  
GETS HER CHECK ON SUNDAYS AND CASHES  
THEM ON MONDAYS.

Day Seven.

Savagette stops against a large hard  
tree and takes four breaths then rubs her  
legs, finds a bite and scratches. Damp  
bluegreen air/ in out in out. Hot tangled  
hair/ in out in out. Could you compare/in  
out in out, the workings of the week?

S.O.  
10. 81



# post - burroughs fiction

Crop Dusting

by D. Verkker

Banding lightly across the sandy beach. I'm crop dusting at high altitudes testing the velocity of the wind with a teacup. Poised in the door jamb crawling towards me. Young children stretch out their arms to me every time i walk into the park. They call me mother. They try to follow, but i can run faster. pries things out of me i talk too much as it is. He sits there with pliers in his hands in one hand and plucks secrets from raw wounds. No one hears the cries of anguish as they implode. Exploding inside shattering my kidneys. I'll be Chucky Snapper's illegitimate son and go to Genoa City for treatments but I can't. It would use too much self pity and I've over used it enough. I'm no tragic figure in grey poised at the edge of a cliff waiting to plunge. Write that out of the script. No response from the studio audience. It's been days. The ratings were the ones to fall off the edge of the cliff. Diving gracefully they rolled and jack-knifed artfully imitating those which we saw on the Wide World Of Sports but those were tanned lean young men and this is just hope. The difference is that one can't swim can't breathe anymore or rise to the surface. She lived to tell the tale. She was an orange. She held her breath until she turned blue and beat the wall until it was stained with red and her fist was a bloody pulp. She filed her fingers to the nub and learned to play the piano with her tongue. She gets splinters 'cause the keys are made of wood. This is one of those times that happened years ago when walking to school was a major feat it being twenty miles away and you had to go through a pasture of Brahma bulls and once one of them rammed its horn up your ass and that's why you walk funny. We hear the sheep in the background so we know your story is Legit. but that doesn't explain the souls enduring sound and the passionate craving for M&M's. The cavity is yearning to be filled. Substitute something easily accessible as the neighbors clogs whine and whimper as some murderers leap on their masters and hack those the musty moth ball scented clothes. I hear the dogs but not the human screams and it's impossible for me to think beyond this time zone. Try as I might it's hard and getting harder for me to think outside of this block. Nothing exists out there. Only here underneath the carpet. Things are crawling underneath the rug. They could be plants or even trashy porn novels and I could perish tomorrow I checked the expiration date on my yellow yellowing yellowed arm. It's 2 days past. I'm going with the milk. He's shut off the refrigerator after it electrocuted him. He'll die in a vat of raspberry flavored jello. Congealed blood drying in his hair, his freckles dripping off onto the cool whip. Crooning Mexicans profess their love and call out from busses. I threw sand in their faces and ran to catch the elevator but the doors wouldn't close and she threw it back in my face and I've shut off parts from her forever, some cliched line consequences of letting people close. There's gold in them there hills. Silver in those clouds and comfort in vinyl. I quote Wei Wu Wei to an empty stadium trying to see the whole game but my vision is blurred: The street sweeper smashed my glasses and the only note he gave me that he ever gave me was Kryptonite and I wanted to ring him up today twice but I held my breath and bit my tongue and I hate this game 'cause I didn't get the thimble and how come everything seems so trivial? I can't talk to her; she won't listen. She doesn't like who she is and she sits in the corner on top of the washer and sulks. She makes fun of me every chance she gets. She makes fun of my beliefs but I know she'll burn out on Buddha before too long. She takes big bites of everything but never swallows. Piping hot

men folding chairs on the beach - Rainer ale and blistered feat. I'm not pregnant. Where did those kids come from? Fig newtons made by a grandmother who thinks I'm a virgin. I ground them into my navel. Wish I had the patience to sew and dreading the sunrise dreading the call from the cops. Wishing I had the power to be sceintific. A Calypso. A compass. A magnet. A man of steel. A popped kernel of corn. Columbus sailed and sank. T. S. Eliot was a jew-hater. I need a sharp razor.

10-10-81

Five-Thirty A.M.

by Astrid Larsen

Two seagulls fly, their underbellies and wingtips illuminated from the glow of the city. It is too early for natural light. The rancid streets smell sweetest at this hour. Eerie star light floats down and catches highlights on some dude's leather jacket who is crouched outside *Partners*. The bars open in half an hour on this block.

Some pretty boy has left his tenspeed outside *Liberty Baths*. Probably an extended junket with a swarthy towel man. The last jets of steam spurting out of saunas. And bits of propaganda floating around the stalls in the guise of tickets, invitations and advertisements for gay bars. The tiles gleaming wetly under the janitors rag.

The buses are lit up and move like huge churches on the street. Silent passengers dedicated to the worship of a deadly means of transportation.

Bells ring at this early hour: in street cars, in corner grocery stores, on electronic watches. (Please stand clear of right center steps as we approach disembarking point at Church and Market. Doors open in opposition to reason.)

People become easy targets in the dark. Muffled in a half blanket of sleep, focusing eyes that should be closed, scraping hands on hangers when they dress. It is necessary to dress oneself in camouflage colors at this time, so as to remain a part of the dance at the same instant of not partaking.

The attacker is usually a wary soul, too desperate to succumb to the elixir of rest. Soft pillows, downy blankets, the deep escape of a mattress sunk in all the right places is not for him. He touches the point of a nail for comfort and stands on one foot to keep awake. One of the curses of being the aggressor is that he becomes narrow minded in his pursuit and is therefore easier to track down. There has yet to be a broad-minded Liberal attacker.

The morning now arches into the sky black and dulls the glory of the stars. Blue and orange and shades of tangerine are rising like hot air. Buildings are silhouetted in the cool grasp of the dawn. Somebody in a tenement hears the baby crying and stumbles across the linoleum floor to the crib.





FUZZY WUZZY  
 WDS  
 A BEAR  
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 not  
 GIVE ME A BEER

continued from page N

into spaces and they're pissed if there aren't any chairs. In the beginning there wasn't this theatricality of presentation. When you would come to events here it wouldn't be unusual to see spectators standing right beside the performer engaged in a conversation that might have nothing to do with the piece at all. Performance art, and specifically body art, which is the tradition we evolved out of, was incredibly an artist's art. Artists were demonstrating their ideas strictly for themselves. I remember an interview Willoughby Sharp did with Bruce Nauman, where Willoughby asked Bruce, "Who do you make your art for?" and Bruce replied, "for myself". But now in the '80's, generally speaking, an artist can't get away with those kinds of self-interest pieces that were done in the early 70's. If Terry Fox were to do *Corner Push* today, people would be pissed off and bored. Today, people want to be entertained, they want to be jolted. What that means to us, although it's still an artist's art, the artist must direct it toward an audience, something totally antithetical to what Terry Fox, Tom Marioni, or Chris Burden would do in the 70's. Again, I want to reiterate that even though it's become an artist/audience art, we don't ever want to lose sight of the fact that we're still visual artists and what we're doing is just playing around with different forms and structures. Besides, given the way it all goes, in five years, you'll see street corner works and "private investigations" all over again.

Carl, what direction do you see *La Mamelle* taking in the next few years?

Well, *Performance Anthology* is in its third printing, we have five new books in the works, and we're incredibly amplifying our magazine. Since we started as publishers, we are becoming increasingly more than we were in the beginning. Not only are we publishing magazines, but we're publishing videotapes, audio-

tapes, we're moving into records, we're publishing on micro-fiche, and we're even talking about producing full-length feature films. That's one level. In terms of the gallery, who knows how long all of this is going to hold out? We're doing this kind of theatrical performance, and the more we do it, the more shortcomings I see in the space. Ultimately, I'd like to have a proscenium stage, with all sorts of curtains and lights and the whole shot. But that's just a container, and in terms of what we would produce, it is of course visual art, but more toward staged theater type productions, more parodying of things that have obvious frontality, like talk shows and news shows, etc. Ultimately where we'd like to go, and we've done this intermittently in the past, is to broadcast live everything that we're doing from this space.

We're in the beginnings of an incredible information revolution. When I say revolution, what I mean is that it's all becoming so democratized, and being put in the hands of the people. The information revolution is not being brought to you by the three large television networks, but rather courtesy of the hardware manufacturers. We get zillions of catalogues in here that show terrific new products like still cameras that are video, that can transmit their signal over voice-activated telephone lines. Also, we can see all this micro-dish activity, and believe me, we're only a few years away from very easy access to satellite send-receive capability. The stuff is going to be everywhere, like Polaroid cameras. Since everyone's going to have that send-receive capability, there's going to be an even larger audience out there and more places to disseminate the kinds of information we're dealing with. So, who knows, in the future when you come to *La Mamelle*, I'd like it to be similar to Saturday Night Live, you're the audience, and this is going out live, globally!

SEE YA IN OUTER SPACE.



continued

Q





**IN EL SALVADOR**  
 One day, El Squadron de la Muerte executed five teenage boys.  
 One of the dead boys had "Feliz Navidad" gouged into his chest with a knife.  
 1981

GRAPHICS MARSHALL WEBER

Quote RICHARD BOYLE 1981





I'M FUCKING PISSED BECAUSE I WANT TO BE THE PROM QUEEN AND I CAN'T.



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tribal confrontations  
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escalation of scope or  
listerine take us to the show  
one more time you got to see it  
believe it political trends  
efficiency engineer this is  
going to be a real wing dinger  
be there or be L7  
keep a look out! prima/deca concern



K. SELTZER 81©



# SFAI SKOOL KALENDAR

## Announcements

Two films by Cathy Zheutlin, In The Best Interest of the Children, and her latest work, Lost Love will be featured at the Lesbian/Gay League Benefit Saturday, December 5th, 8:00p.m.

The films will be followed by a reception at which refreshments will be available. \$1.50 donation.

Forum on Bay Area Art Criticism 221-5125  
Artistic diversity and critical response, comments and questions will be solicited from the audience.  
Panelists: Thomas Albright, Jan Butterfield, Helene Freid, Judith Golden, Ted Hedgepeth, Henry Hopkins, Jock Reynolds.  
Moderator: Suzaan Boettger.  
Presented by the national Women's Cauaus for Art in cooperation with the Fort Mason Foundation and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.  
Thursday, November 12, 7:30 p.m. Fort Mason Conference Center, Building A, San Francisco Calif. Admission \$3.00

James Madison University Art Department will have available four Graduate Teaching Assistantships beginning this Spring Semester. Eight assistantships are awarded annually. Each assistantship will pay \$3500 in addition to a six hour tuition waiver. JMU offers a sixty hour M.F.A. program in Ceramics, Metal, and Jewelry, Painting and Drawing, Photography, Printmaking, Sculpture, Weaving and Textiles. The University is located in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Applications and slide portfolios for assistantships beginning this January are due no later than November 14. Applications for the fall are due no later than April 11. For additional information, contact Kenneth Beer, Graduate Coordinator, JMU Art Dept. Harrisonburg, Virginia 22807 (703) 433-6216/433-6661.

Graduate Teaching Assistantships at JMU Art Dept. are available for Spring '82. The assistantships pay \$3500 annually and a six hour tuition waiver. Application and slide portfolio deadline for the Spring Semester is November 14.

The National Endowment for the Humanities is offering support for independent out of the classroom projects in the humanities. Guidelines and Application instructions are available in the Student Services office. Deadline for applications is November 16, 1981 (received in their office). Funded projects will begin around May 1st.

Winter Women's Art and Craft Fair '81 431-1180; 864-8432  
4 floors of women's art and crafts, refreshments served and continuous entertainment: performances, mime, poetry, dancing and singing. Child-care available.  
December 5-6 at the Bay Area Women's Building, 10 a.m.-6 p.m.  
50 general admission. Wheelchair access.  
Bay Area Women's Building  
3543 18th St.  
between Valencia and Guerrero

The S.F. Bay Area is a vanguard center of feminism. Men and women are consciously striving to free themselves from the narrow, societal roles as defined by their sex.

The Art Institute fails to reflect this current move towards sexual equality. 19.6 percent of the Fall '81 faculty are women. This imbalance greatly affects the quality of our education. Art is a subjective discipline and a teacher's attitude reflects his/her bias — sexual, class, racial, etc.

This situation must be remedied. The Institute has been experiencing a decline in enrollment, and the lack of female representation on the faculty is detrimental to attracting new students.

If the administration fails to act, then the students must take concrete action, i.e., the filing of a class action suit, or the withholding of tuition.

There are 3 anti-discriminatory regulations applicable in these circumstances:

- 1) Title 9 —  
Because the Art Institute is a beneficeart of Federal Assistance programs, students can file a complaint, charging that the lack of women on the faculty affects the environment.
- 2) Title 7 —  
This regulation protects women and minorities from discrimination in hiring, promotion and salaries.
- 3) Executive Order 11246 and 11375 —  
Under this regulation government contractors are required to implement Affirmative Action programs.

Formal charges can be filed with the Equal Employment Commission. Any individual or group (except in the case of Title 9, which is applicable to students only) affiliated with the Art Institute may file complaints under all 3 of the preceding regulations. A formal charge would not necessarily mean a court appearance. Copies of all suits filed would be sent to the administration.

Diana Rossi

Carrie Scoville

The annual SFAI Student Art Sale has been scheduled for December 5-6, from 11 am. - 4 pm. in Studios 13 and 14.

Students will be responsible for displaying, attending and selling their own work and for removing unsold work after the sale. Students will be free to set their own prices (up to \$150) and to keep 100% of their profits.

Due to price and space limitations, large paintings and sculptures will be discouraged.

Work should be left in Studios 13 and 14 between 5 and 7 p.m. on Friday, December 4. or brought in beginning at 9 a.m. on Saturday, December 5 or Sunday, December 6, allowing plenty of time to hang or display work before the sale opens at 11 a.m. Unsold work must be removed promptly after 4 p.m. on Sunday, December 6.

In conjunction with the student sale, the SFAI Council is holding a pre-Christmas sale of new merchandise (candles, gift paper, and other items) on Saturday, December 5 from 11 a.m. - 4 p.m. in the Oasis and Conference Room. They have included information about the Student Sale on the invitations to their sale.

## Slide Registries

### Student Slide Registry

Available in the Student Services office beginning November 1. Registry will serve banks, businesses, new galleries interested in showing student work, requests for muralists, portrait painters, and wedding photographers.

Bring up to 6 slides to the Student Services office and pick up a personal information sheet to fill out for the files.

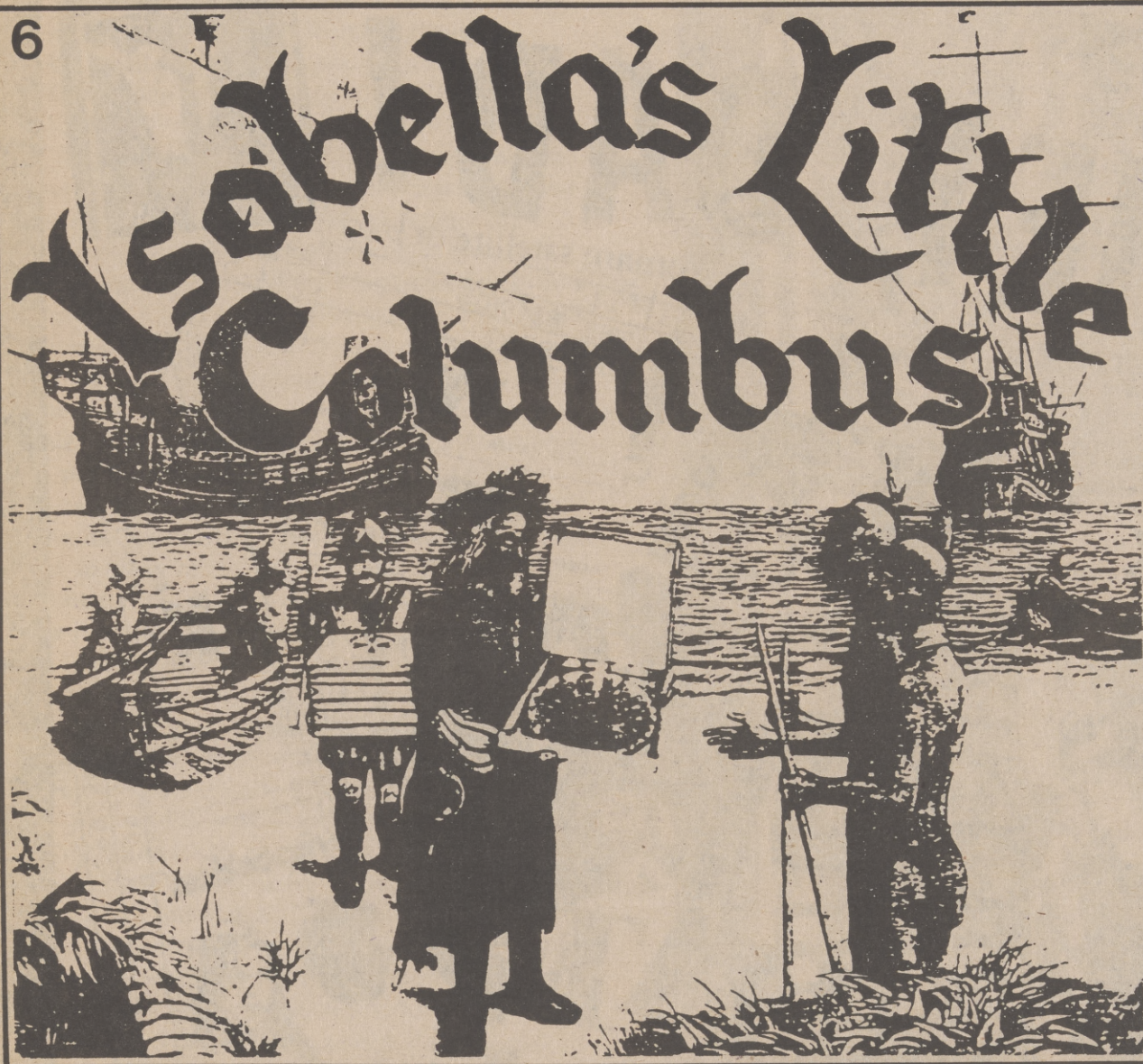
Center for Visual Arts 451-7900 message number  
Slide registry for professional and disciplined artists. Not an agency, however employers/buyers do use the registry for work or commissions.  
The purpose is historical documentation of progress of contemporary artists, especially to follow careers of beginning artists.  
Send 20 slides and short resume/autobiography with \$20 annual registration fee and \$5 set-up fee.  
Center for Visual Arts  
c/o Y.W.C.A.  
1515 Webster St.  
Oakland, Ca. 94612

## S.F.A.I. FACULTY ROSTER, FALL '81

Male			Female		
Dept.			Dept.		
Pt./ Draw	Mc Gaw Hatofsky Akawie Villa Williams Majdrakoff Colescott Martin Holland Tchakalian - Chair	Dept. Total-11	Pt./ Draw		Dept. Total-0
Sculpt.	Geis Shaw Rasmussen Roloff Pomeroy Berger - Chair	Dept. Total-6	Sculpt.		Dept. Total-0
Perf./ Video	Kos Labat Glassman Gillette Ross Gutstadt Hall Feingold Fried - Chair	Dept. Total-9	Perf./ Video	Heyward	Dpet. Total-1
Print	Graf Kluge - Chair	Dept. Total-2	Print	Itami Goodwin Butterfield	Dept. Total-3
Photo	Jones Sultan Wessel Collier Fulton Louie - Chair	Dept. Total-6	Photo	Connor Brooks	Dept. Total-2
Film	Greene Wong Kucher Jordan Sinden Ramsing Edery Lloyd - Chair	Dept. Total-8	Film	Lipzin Zheutlin	Dept. Total-2
Human.	Fiscus Papanikolas Mondini - Chair	Dept. Total-3	Human.	Levitin Davis Butterfield Ezekiel	Dept. Total-4
Grand Total			Male Faculty 45 Female Faculty 11		
Total Students *			Male 395 Female 331		
Sources			Schedule of Classes, Fall Semester 1981 *Peterson Guide, Spring Semester 1981		



6



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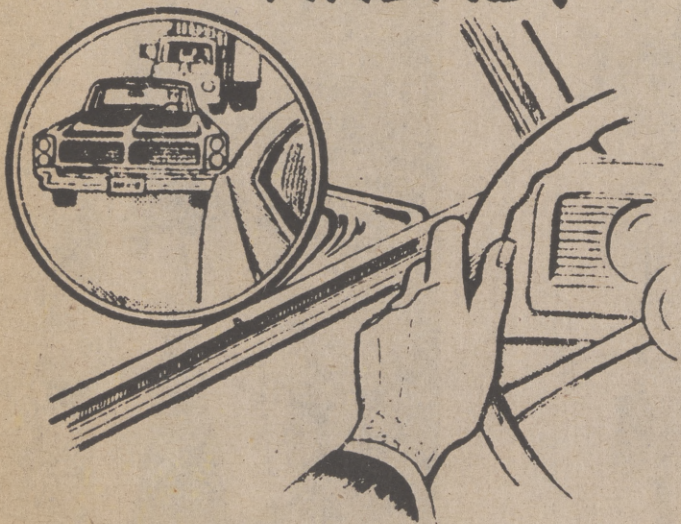




pairing and twos and all that useless nonsense. Because I KNOW that the only way I can get anything accomplished is to do it my own way, out of my own head, without having to lean on someone else for any kind of support. Don't you see that ALONE is the way anyone that has said something of REAL meaning has come to that realization? Don't you want to say SOMETHING? Don't you want to stop NEEDING A FATHER? DON'T YOU WANT TO NEED YOUR SELF?.....I know I need myself, but that's not enough. I, as a human being, also need all the things that come with close contact with another person. I need to be loved as myself, not just as an artist. Public adoration is one thing, and love and caring on a personal private level is another.....Oh, what fucking BULLSHIT! Who are you trying to kid, kid? You don't need yourself and that's why you want someone else...to prove that you are needed. Look at you. You can't even take care of yourself yet and you're 22 years old. You don't even have a stupid bank account. That's irresponsibility. It seems you just expect someone to just take care of all your needs like a father. That's what makes me damn sick about so many relationships I know of--one person plays parent and the other is the child. There's no equality at all. One is totally dependant on the other. And that's what's so FUCKED UP about society in general. Nobody ever grows up. They just find a new set of parents; no risk, no growth. Just image transposition.....Well, I don't want any part of that ridiculous SHIT! I want to be my own parent to my own child within myself, so that when someone else comes along into my life, they see me as I AM, not as what I NEED. Oh, come on! Don't get preachy at me, you bitch. Do you think I don't know that? I recognize that I play games and I recognize why I play them, but that doesn't make my needs and desires any less important.....Oh, come on, yourself! Why don't you just SAY what you MEAN? Why are you calling me a bitch if you agree? Are you really trying to figure this all out or are you so locked into your own little world of comfort and self-satisfaction that you can't see past your own cock hitting someone else's asshole?!.....NOW WAIT A MINUTE! If all I cared about was getting my rocks off I wouldn't be trying to work this out with you right now. I agree that every INDIVIDUAL must find their own way ALONE. But making your own way doesn't mean isolating yourself in your own little airtight existence. We need to open ourselves to experience, to make mistakes...we need to make mistakes in order for us to learn anything of importance. AH HA! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! SO, YOU'LL ADMIT YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF MAKING MISTAKES?....ah,well...you got me there. I did say I was afraid of making mistakes, but now I see the real importance of making them. What I really want to hear from you is that you understand and even if I do fuck up... it's still OK.....

You know I care about you. You know I want to help you understand yourself better. What I really want you to see is that you are VERY IMPORTANT, not only to me, but to the functioning of this world. I love you because on a very deep level you understand this, but you refuse to acknowledge it externally. You don't acknowledge it just by the way you seem to not care about yourself personally to take care of yourself in small ways. And it is those small ways that enable you to look beyond yourself to the world, the way it is, and what you feel you need to change.

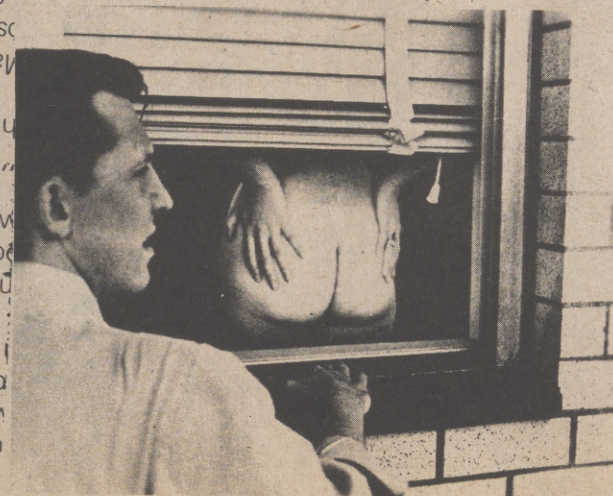
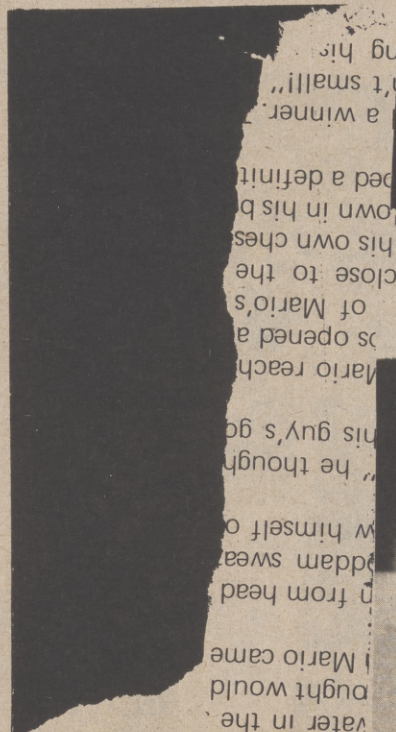
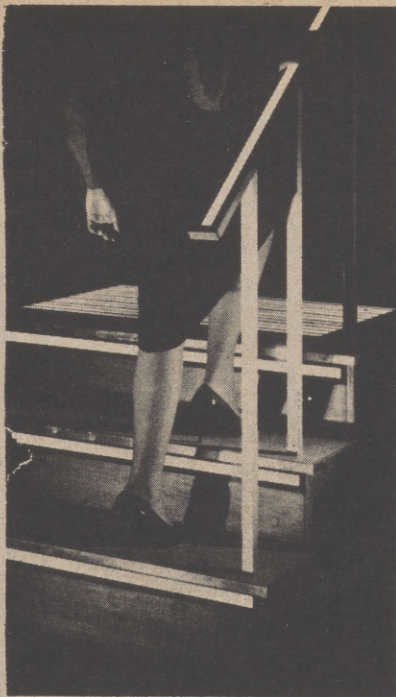
# KEEP AHEAD!



# ...by BELONGING!

Not by Robert Ford

X



**PSYCHIC MASTURBATION (SI kik).** Mental or abstract masturbation. By concentrating upon the opposite sex and visualizing the sex act, the orgasm is brought about. This is the most injurious sort of masturbation and very likely to lead to neurasthenia and to sexual impotence.

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